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summate art and of genuine beauty. He has foraged in a treasure-house; he has visited the ancient world, and come back with a massive cup of living Greek wine. His project was no light task, but he has honorably fulfilled it. He has enriched the language with a narrative poem which we are sure that the public will not suffer to fall into the ranks of honored but uncherished works, — objects of vague and sapient reference, — but will continue to read and to enjoy. In spite of its length, the interest of the story never flags, and as a work of art it never ceases to be pure. To the jaded intellects of the present moment, distracted with the strife of creeds and the conflict of theories, it opens a glimpse into a world where they will be called upon neither to choose, to criticise, nor to believe, but simply to feel, to look, and to listen.

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13. — 1. *King René's Daughter. A Danish Lyrical Drama.* By HENRIK HERTZ. Translated by THEODORE MARTIN. 16mo. pp. xii., 100.
2. *Frithiof's Saga, from the Swedish of ESAIAS TEGNÉR, Bishop of Wexiö.* By the REV. WILLIAM LEWERY BLACKLEY, M. A. First American Edition, edited by BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1867. 16mo. pp. xxx., 201.

THE English-speaking nations, having so rich a literature of their own, and having had remarkably poor luck in their translations, have neglected many of the best literary productions of other countries. In America, any acquaintance with literatures other than French, German, and the classics is reserved for rare scholars. It is an excellent design of Messrs. Leypoldt and Holt to endeavor to overcome the barriers of our ignorance, by publishing and reprinting for us a series of poems which are in a certain sense representative of other nations. The two volumes named above are the beginning of this series, and we are promised others from German, French, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Russian, and Sanskrit.

To render such a series successful, not merely from a business point of view, — which of course with a publisher is the first thing to be considered, — but in the favor of the public, and to make it of any use in influencing taste, great care should be taken in selecting and editing the various poems. It is necessary to choose the best poems of two classes, — those that are universal in feeling and sentiment, and those that have a peculiar flavor of nationality about them and carry us at once to their native land. Each work should be intrusted to a scholar acquainted with the language of the original, and possessed of poetical sense and

delicate perception, with full power to alter, revise, or improve the version which is to be reprinted, and who will carefully annotate it, and explain every allusion, so that the reader will find no difficulty, but rather a pleasure in becoming acquainted with what was before unknown. We trust that the publishers will not content themselves with a single poem of each country ; we feel certain that each one will make room for a second. Especially valuable would be a carefully revised reprint of Sir William Jones's translation of the Sanskrit "*Sakuntala*," and translations of the Finnish "*Kalevala*," of Pushkin's "*Evgeni Onegin*," of Paludan-Müller's "*Adam Homo*," and of "*Elgskytterne*" (*The Reindeer Hunters*), the beautiful idyl of Runeberg, the Swedish poet of modern Finland.

The series has begun with two well-selected works. "*King René's Daughter*" first became known to us many years ago through a German translation, and subsequent readings of the same and other versions have never effaced the deep impression its beauty then left.

Since Oehlenschläger's death, Henrik Hertz has been, next to Hans Andersen, the best known Danish writer. In Denmark he stands on terms of equal rivalry with Ingemann and Frederik Paludan-Müller, whose "*Adam Homo*" is perhaps, on the whole, the greatest Danish poem. Born in 1798, of Jewish parents, Hertz was educated for a lawyer ; but as soon as he had completed his studies, he turned himself to literature, where his thoughts had been long wandering. In 1826 he published his first work, a comedy. After that followed, in rapid succession, comedies, tragedies, novels, and poems. "*King René's Daughter*" appeared in 1845, and at once met with marked success, and took a high place in literature. It has been translated four times into English, four times into German, as well as into various other languages, and has been acted at all the leading theatres of Europe, and occasionally in this country, — Mrs. Mowatt, we believe, taking the part of Iolanthe. The drama is on an event in the life of King René of Provence, celebrated as a Troubadour. Yolande, his daughter, married Tristan, Count of Vaudemont, to settle a dispute between the two families about the succession to Lorraine. In the play, Yolande, or Iolanthe, as she is called, is blind, and the plot turns on her being awakened by Tristan, and informed of her blindness, of which, till then, she had been brought up ignorant, on the very day when such a proceeding was necessary to the recovery of her sight by the arts of a Moorish physician. The translation is one by Theodore Martin, who has since become better known by his versions of Horace, Catullus, and Goethe's *Faust*. The translator is usually felicitous in his rendering of the beauties of the original, though sometimes he fails in literal-

ness. He always gives the spirit, though the words and rhyme escape him. There are a few typographical errors in the volume, which will probably be corrected in future impressions. The poem itself merits the reputation it has long held in its own country.

The "*Frithiof's Saga*" of Bishop Tegnér was the subject of an article by Mr. Longfellow in the number of this Review for July, 1837, in which he gave an excellent and very beautiful abstract of the whole poem, besides translations of select portions. It is to be regretted that he never translated the whole of it, for it would then have been at least as familiar to us all as "*The Children of the Lord's Supper*" by the same author. And it is to be regretted, also, that we have not even had the next best thing, the editorship of Mr. Longfellow to the translation now published. Beside the two translations mentioned in the article referred to, three others have since been published,—one by Mr. R. G. Latham, one by Professor George Stephens, a personal friend of the poet, and the present one. There have been, also, at least three German translations published.

The present translation, Mr. Blackley's, is the best of the five, judged by any rule. That of Professor Stephens went to the excess of literalness in some parts, but was bold and stiff. That of Latham was in parts spirited, but, allowing the utmost freedom of rendering, was a paraphrase rather than a translation. Mr. Blackley has kept always to the metres of the original, which no one before him did, and has given a smoothly flowing—in places too smooth—and sufficiently literal version. His chief trouble has been with the rhyme. He has frequently been obliged to substitute masculine for feminine rhymes, and he has too much disregarded the alliteration in Canto XXI. From many passages we might almost suppose it his first attempt at verse; and we find such rhymes as "tarry, hurry," "forth, earth," "wend, land," "other, lover," "mirror, pillow," "floating, shouting," and others, all on two consecutive pages opened at random. Let us compare a little of his translation with Mr. Longfellow's beautiful fragments, which follow the original almost word for word, yet have all the ring of original poetry. The Swedish language so closely resembles the English that this is less difficult than might be supposed.

In the third canto Mr. Blackley says, in his best vein:—

"Three leagues forth was his rule, on three sides round him extended,
Valley and mountain and wood; and the sea was the fourth of his mearings.
Birch forest crowned the tops of the hills, and where they descended
Waved fields of rye as tall as a man, and golden-eared barley.
Many a fair, smooth lake held a mirror of light to the mountains,
Picturing forth the forests, where elks with towering antlers
Stalked with the gait of kings, and drank from rivelets countless.

And in the valleys around, far pastured abroad o'er the meadows,
 Herds with glittering hides, and udders that yearned for the milking.
 Mingled with these moved slowly about, in flocks without number,
 Sheep with fleeces of snow, as float in the beautiful heavens
 Thick, white, feathery clouds at the gentle breathing of spring-time."

Mr. Longfellow thus puts it : —

" Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
 Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth was the ocean.
 Birch woods crowned the tops of the hills, but over the sloping hillsides
 Sprang up the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
 Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
 Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers
 Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
 But in the valleys full widely around, there fed on the greensward
 Herds with sleek shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail.
 'Mid these were scattered, now here, now there, a vast, countless number
 Of white-wooled sheep as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds
 Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time."

The alliteration is perfectly preserved in the fragment of the twenty-first canto given by Mr. Longfellow.

We will quote one more passage, the second stanza of the ninety-first canto. First, Mr. Blackley : —

" The aged monarch wills the chase, and with him hies the gentle queen ;
 And swarming round in proud array is all the court assembled seen ;
 Bows are twanging, quivers rattle, eager horse-hoofs paw the clay,
 And with hooded eyes the falcons scream, impatient for their prey."

Thus Mr. Longfellow : —

" Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport ;
 Swarming in its gorgeous splendor is assembled all the court ;
 Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
 And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey."

Yet though inferior to Mr. Longfellow's, the translation of Mr. Blackley is very readable, and will convey a truthful impression of the modern reproduction of the old Saga of Frithiof, which, rightly or wrongly, — and some say wrongly, — has obtained a great reputation as *the* Swedish poem.

14. — *After the War: a Southern Tour.* May 1, 1865, to May 1, 1866. By WHITE LAW REID. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, and Baldwin. 1866. 12mo. pp. 589.

THIS volume belongs to the same class as that by Mr. Andrews, "The South since the War." It contains the observations of a shrewd and intelligent newspaper correspondent, who spent the greater part of